Minho opened his heavy eyelids and shivered. The sun had already set and his legs were covered with goosebumps from the cool breeze. He quickly sat up and scrambled around for his pants. Before he could help it, tears flowed down one by one down his cut up cheeks.

\*Why would they hurt me? Why would Taemin betray me?\*

His legs buckled when he got up. He fell down on his side and groaned. In the dim light, he checked out his bruises. The numerous bruises covered every surface of his sore body. He searched desperately but couldn’t find his pants.

\*They must have taken them\*

Crystal drops continued their downward journey, finally splashing on the ground. They would not be the last ones to fall on this roof where Minho sat. Minho walked over to the railing and looked down. He actually contemplated whether to jump or not. None of the pain he had experienced before could compare to his pain now.

His grip tightened on the railings as he calculated whether the death would painful or not.

\*I can’t. I can. I can’t. I’m going to die anyway… NO! That’s just an excuse. I’m not brave enough to jump. Or maybe I’m not cowardly enough. … I just wanted the rest of my life to be happy. Why can’t I be happy?\*

His hand covered his face and he laughed bitterly. He used the cuff of his sleeve to wipe the evidence of crying. Suddenly, he saw his pants on the ground below him. He realized that they just threw it down the roof. He walked toward the door and opened it a crack. He peeked around before running as fast as he could run and grabbed his pants. He put them on and sighed. He turned around only to see a small, ugly looking boy staring at him.

The boy stated, “Ah, so you’re the newest target.”

“Huh? Target?” Minho confusedly tilted his head.

The mysterious boy snorted a bit, “You must be new.”

“I am…”

“Well let me explain. You were just beaten up by the kingkas that are called SHINee. They change targets every few months.”

“What?!” Minho’s puffy and bleeding lips parted in shock.

“I was one… last year.” The boy’s expression darkened. “From now on, everyone’s just going to pretend you don’t exist or they’ll join in the bullying.”

Minho’s eyes widened in alarm. “Wae would they do such a thing?!”

“Because. If you break the rules, you’ll become the target instead. Well, I don’t want to be caught talking to you anymore. See you. Good luck, wretch.” The boy pivoted on his heel and casually walked away as if he never talked to Minho.

With this new information on his mind, Minho slowly walked back home. Once he got home, he took a long and hot shower.

The water rushed down his body. He carefully washed everywhere, being especially delicate around the beautiful purple and blue colors. Thoughts screamed and battled in his head. His head hurt and he couldn’t stop thinking about Taemin. The image of Taemin’s lovely face that wore a twisted smirk danced in Minho’s head. He couldn’t stop thinking about why Taemin hated him so much. \*I’m just a failure. No one would want to visit someone like me. I’m just an idiot for thinking Taemin would welcome me. I’m a disgusting fucker. Of course Taemin wouldn’t like me he hates me oh god it hurts so bad why does he hate me I thought we were friends I’m just a SHUTUP! NO PITY PARTY. FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK.\* Minho’s hand went to his chest, above where his heart was. He gripped his chest and dug his nails in. The pain was a thousand times worse than when Taemin stopped visiting him. The throbbing pain wouldn’t go away. It was as if his heart was going to burst. He shuddered as he felt shivers of sadness run of his back. Minho stood in that position for ten minutes before standing up straight. His nails dug waning moon – like marks in his chest. Minho turned the shower off and grabbed the towel off the rack. He wrapped the towel around his waist and gazed into mirror and examined the most major cuts.

He then dressed and collapsed on the bed with a tear in his eye.

~~~

The next day, Minho did his usual morning routine. But he did it with a certain sluggishness that suggested hopelessness. Minho’s eyes lost their exciting glimmer as he trudged to school. He dreaded what would come.

He stared in shock at the huge 5 by 8 feet blowup of him. It perfectly depicted his crying face, bruises and cuts received from SHINee, and the lacy and pink thing he was wearing. It was labeled, “SEXY FAG WANTS YOU! HE’S A MASOCHIST SO HIT HIM AS MUCH AS YOU WANT! HE LOVES IT!!!”

Minho quickly grabbed the poster and ripped it off the bulletin board. His face glowed a deep red as the meaner highschoolers laughed at him. A couple slapped his ass and punched him in the stomach as Minho walked by.

Unfortunately, flyers of the same picture littered the school hallways. Another huge poster along the wall. Minho tried to walk with dignity but the snickering students pointed at him and stared. Some make up caked girls giggled and loudly said, “OH MY, THERE GOES THE FAG. “ Minho ducked his head and quickly rushed out of the school. He went to a secluded spot and swallowed another pill. He felt his heart return to its normal state. Minho tiredly collapsed on the ground.

\*I’ll just take… a …short nap…\*

~~~

Taemin’s POV

Where is that frog. I didn’t bother to suppress a smirk when I imagined Minho’s face. It was so funny; that look of utter despair!

Looked exactly like me before.

Homeroom has started and ended. I still have not seen that frog. UGH. He’s going to get it afterschool. Hehe, what am I going to do this time? The lunch bell rang and alerted the students to file out. I sauntered up to Onew during lunch.

“Hey, Hyung. Have you seen the target?”

“No, I have not. I bet it ran all the way home to whine to his mommy.”

“He doesn’t have parents.” I suddenly blurted out.

“What? How do you know?” Onew scratched his head in confusion.

“Nothing, I don’t know. I have to find him, I need a punching bag.”

I had no idea why that came out of my mouth. I knew it was the truth but I didn’t know how I knew. What is wrong with me?! My stupid mouth has a mind of its own! Aish. I just have to be alone right now.

I let my feet lead me to my secret, secluded spot. Whenever something bothered me, I come here to think… which happens often. As I slowly walked toward my spot, I thought about Onew, Key, and JJong. Why did I hang out with them, anyways? Oh yeah, so I wouldn’t be a possible target. They love to target pretty boys. If you can’t beat ‘em, just join ‘em as they say. I scanned the area and was surprised there was someone lying at my spot. I walked confidently forward and yelled, “YAH. GET OUT OF HERE.”

I kicked him a couple times, but there was no response. Fed up, I rolled him over with the toe of my sneaker. Minho rolled over like a dead log. Angered and surprised, I kicked him harder and waited for a response.

No response.

I looked at his face and touched his face. It was cold.

Taemin’s POV

My hand lingered over his chilly face. My eyes examined his full, rose tinted lips and long fan of lashes. Somehow, I could see myself in him. I don’t know how, but I did. I sat frozen as salty tears suddenly dropped from my eyes. My hand unsteadily reached up to my tear-stained cheek. Why was I crying? For this stupid frog? No way. Never. And when was the last time I cried? A long time ago. I cupped Minho’s round cheeks and felt a small amount of heat. Then, I clamped my hands around my head as I felt a thousand needles stabbing my head; I resisted the urge to let the bile burn up my throat. My lip trembled slightly as I saw my younger self. It was so uncanny; it was as if I were watching a feature film. I cringed as I watched the scene unfurl below.

“Here’s your new foster family! “ A small child climbed out of the car with a single, tiny suitcase. A mother, father, and an older girl smiled and waved at him.

The small child uncertainly met them with wariness.

“Hello, Taemin. Call me mom. This will be your new family for now. Here is Sulli, she’ll be your older sister. She’s a foster child, just like you!”

The child – which I came to recognize as my younger self – looked up shyly and shook their hands. The woman ushered the boy into the house.

The girl, Sulli, stared at Taemin with a sympathetic look and turned on her heel to walk upstairs. The boy sensed the atmosphere drop. He stood awkwardly, waiting for his elder’s instructions.

The woman’s friendly aura disappeared and was replaced by a penetrating and unforgiving one.

The man spoke up. “Taemin, your bed is in there.” The middle – aged man nodded towards a door next to the pantry.

Taemin walked towards the door and was glad to get his own room. He opened it and peered into the darkness. He tried to feel for a light switch when he abruptly felt pressure on his fragile back. He fell forward into the darkness without his suitcase.

He sat on the hard floor, dazed. The young boy got up and winced at the cut on his palm. He tried opening the door, but to no avail, he found that there was no handle on his side of the room. He banged on the door before he heard a muffled “Shut up!”

The situation dawned on him as his sight adjusted to the darkness. He was not shut in a bedroom; he was shut in a cramped closet. Taemin sat down glumly but did not cry.

He had experienced worse, afterall.

Little Taemin closed his eyes as he drifted to sleep on the hard floor.

Taemin got up and surveyed the small space. Though it was dark and stuffy, he saw a sliver of light from the space under the door. He had no idea how long he had been in the cupboard, the darkness revealed no answers. He heard his stomach growl in unhappiness, but he ignored it.

He had experienced worse, after all.

Taemin resigned himself to slumping against the wall and tracing “민호” over and over again in the dust.

A long time had passed. The little boy was filthy and thirst and hungry, yet he never called out. Taemin still thought about Minho.

“Taemin!”

“I miss you forever, hyung! I don’t want to leave you!”

Taemin sniffled terribly but the taller, black haired boy (Whom Present Time Taemin could not identify) managed to hold his tears for the sake of the younger.

“I don’t want you to go either.”

They embraced and by this time, the older boy’s tears were threatening to spill over.

“Taemin… promise me you’ll come see me in a week? Or at least call me?”

“Of course, Hyung! I’ll try to come every day.”

They looked at each other’s pink noses and cheeks and laughed a bit.

Taemin’s eyes shot open as he panicked. Has it been a week yet? Did his hyung miss him? What if his hyung never talked to him again? His heart raced as he thought about losing his best friend.

He got up and desperately banged on the door with his tiny fists. He yelled frantically, “Please let me out! Please, please! I need to see hyung! I need to see him! I have to meet him! Please!”

He kept banging but there was no answer back.

He was tired mentally and physically but he still sobbed loudly, “Please! Hyung! Let me out! Min –“

The door swung and hit his face. Little Taemin stumbled back and fell. But he was roughly pulled forwards by a man with an iron grip.

It hurt, as much as his father’s grip.

The little boy was visibly terrified. He struggled wildly. His eyes lolled about as he tried to escape. “No! It hurts! Let go! Min –!”

“Shut up!” A loud PAH, accompanied by a sting, was heard.

The woman and man glanced at each other.

She sneered cruelly, “So you still haven’t been broken in yet. Tsk tsk, let’s go for plan B.”

Taemin bit his lip, but still no tears came.

“Taemin, promise me before you go.”

“What, hyung?”

Taemin leaned closer to the raven haired boy and snuggled into the crook of his neck.

“Haha! Hey stop that tickles.”

“But I WUV YOU, Hyung!”

“How much?”

Taemin demonstrated by stretching his arms as far as he could.

“This much!”

Little Taemin’s hyung stretched his arms.

“Not as much as me! I love you more!”

This started a tickle brawl. Finally, the boys collapsed unto the bed.

“Hah hah hah. Anyways, Taemin. Promise me you’ll never cry without me. Ever again!”

“Why?”

“Because I want you to be happy, no matter what! Even if you’re not with me. Okay, Taemin?”

“But Hyung~ I can’t be happy without you! But okay. I’ll try my best to keep this promise, Hyung!”

“WHY DON’T YOU CRY, HUH?” shrilled the bitch woman.

Little Taemin came back to reality. While he had been thinking about his hyung, the woman made him bend over.

The stick hit the boy’s bare back unmercifully.

Taemin looked down and counted the threads on the floor. 1…2…3…4…345…346…764…765…766…1248…1249…1250 or was it 1350?

Taemin’s eyes had already dulled around the 467th thread. The sting was just a numb throb. His back was a bloody mess of uncountable bruises and criss crosses from the sharper and thinner stick.

He was then harshly pulled around. He faced his tormenters with a straight face; and to their disappointment, the small boy had not cried yet.

He had experienced worse, after all.

“jsnakdjsdnkajsndkjnakjdnblahblah… never see this your hyung ever again.”

Taemin’s eyes vehemently looked up. The fire had returned to his eyes as he glared at the pair of monsters. “No! I will go see my hyung and you will never stop me!”

The man smiled in annoyance. “Okay, still got some spunk. I never wanted to do this, but I guess we have to.”

~~~

Young Taemin stared blindly at the white ceiling. Nothing mattered. He dimly heard the recording playing next to his ear.

“You’re worthless. You’re useless. You’re stupid. You’re gross. You’re ugly. You’ll never amount to anything. You’ll drag down your hyung. Forget hyung. Forget him. You’re worthless. You’re useless. You’re stupid. You’re gross. You’re ugly. You’ll never amount to anything. You’ll drag down your hyung. Forget hyung. Forget him. You’re worthless. You’re useless. You’re stupid. You’re gross. You’re ugly. You’ll never amount to anything. You’ll drag down your hyung. Forget hyung. Forget him.”

Taemin slightly drooled, but he could not wipe it off. His hands were strapped down.

\*I am worthless. I am useless. I am stupid. I am gross. I am ugly. I’ll never amount to anything. I’ll drag down my hyung. I’ll forget hyung. Hyung? Who is hyung again? Hyung…hyung…hyung… I don’t remember.\*

The little boy dumbly stared at nothing in particular.

He heard a door break, but he did not register it.

“Holy shi –“

“What happened to this kid?!”

“Fuck. How long has the kid been here?!”

“Record says he’s Lee Taemin. Been here for 2 months.

“What about those motherfuckers?!”

“They left him. Seems like they left him a couple days ago.”

“Motherfuckers!”

“Shush! Don’t cuss around kids!”

“IT DOESN’T MATTER BECAUSE HE’S FUCKING BRAIN DEAD NOW.”

~~~

Though he’s been through so much pain, he has never experienced worse than this.”

~~~

I sobbed uncontrollably into a familiar and comfortable chest. That child was definitely not me. How could he be?! My mucus and tears were smeared against his shirt. My red eyes met his round and sympathetic ones. I hugged Minho tightly before I realized what I was doing.

“FUCK! DON’T HUG ME, FAG GET AWAY!” I jumped up in surprise and disgust.

I saw Minho’s face display his emotions like an open book. His loving face turned into a distressed one.

He stuttered, “ But, y-you were c-crying…”

“SHUTUP! Doesn’t mean you can take advantage of my state and just get close. Disgusting!” I spat.

“I’m sorry.”

“Fuck you.”

My fist made contact with his face.

When the mechanics finally fixed the elevator, they found Taemin and Minho in a rather… close position. They were spooning in the cramped space, and you could practically smell the delicious scent of fluff. One of the workers coughed nervously. Minho awoke with a start and slowly got up. Taemin started stirring and when he saw light, he abruptly sat up. He and the workers stared at each other dumbly. Taemin realized where he was and blushed beat red. Taemin pushed Minho off, brushed the astonished workers aside and rushed to his apartment door. A slam resounded down the hallway. Minho got up, brushed himself off. His face was exactly like Taemin, except he had a small hopeful smile that was about to crack into a huge pearly white grin. He thanked the workers and almost skipped to his apartment.

Minho jumped on his bed and hummed a tune while he hugged his mushroom plushie. Minho buried his head into the head of the mushroom and smiled to himself. While Minho was in complete bliss, Taemin was on his bed punching his frog plushie.

~~~

Taemin’s POV

What. The. Hell. I don’t understand! All these weird things always happen when I’m with Minho! He makes me feel so weird and… happy… at the same time. That hug was so warm and so – AHH SHUT UP TAEMIN. YOU ARE SO DUMB. THAT STUPID GUY IS CONFUSING ME. I HATE HIM SO MUCH. I punched the frog plushie with even more ferocity. The frog’s body bounced against the bed in slow motion like those movies when a guy goes down. I could feel my ears burn a bright red and my face turn pink. I need to do something about this. From now on, I’m going to avoid Minho. No contact or anything. I’ll just run away and ARGH. GAH. AHHHH. Aish. That stupid smiling face popped into my mind out of nowhere.

But anyways… those dreams. What are they? It’s definitely not real, I know that for sure! Or pretty sure. I mean, I don’t have any memories from before nine. HAHAHA It’s just my brain. It’s making stories up. Wow, I really am fucked up, huh? Aish, I’ll skip homework and just go to sleep. I took a quick shower, brushed my teeth and crashed unto my bed.

Onew, Key, and JJong glared at me. Their lips curled upward into cruel smiles. Their faces changed into the doctor’s faces. And then to those foster parents’s faces.

I couldn’t speak as I felt young Taemin hold my hand. Young Taemin kept saying, “Run! Find hyung! You have to find hyung!”

Though nobody made a move, I still felt a dread in my chest.

“Who is hyung? Tell me, who is hyung?!” He pressed the little boy.

“I don’t know. Who is hyung?” My mini self echoed me. The little Taemin’s eyes started watering. Slowly, his face morphed into a pretty girl’s face. I remember her from that disturbing dream, she was Sulli.

Her pretty voice rang like a bell. “Taemin, run. Find hyung. Look what they did to me.”

I strained my eyes to look at her. There seemed nothing wrong with her. But the flesh on her hand started rotting away slowly. A multitude of colorful fish floated by and nibbled her hair. Her pink lips and rosy cheeks faded to a pale sickly color. The cartilage turned yellow, then grey, then started to decay. Her skin unraveled slowly, but no blood came out. I watched in horror as the pretty girl turned into a skeleton. Her jaws started moving.

“Look what they did to me. Look what they did to me. Look what they did to me.”

I couldn’t my eyes off the bloodcurdling figure. I turned around to see Onew closer. I grabbed bone wrist and tried to drag her to safety. However, a large rock appeared, it was tied to her ankle.

“Find hyung. Run run run. It’s too late for me.”

I felt like crying, but I couldn’t cry. I tried to whisper, “I’m sorry.” As I ran away. But all I could say was, “Who is hyung?”

I woke up with a start. Beads of sweat slid down my forehead. I got up, took another cold shower, and got ready for school.

~~~

Minho’s POV

I couldn’t even concentrate on my homework. Oh well, who cares, right? Taemin… Taemin is my friend again! Right? I’m just so happy! AHHHH! I want to scream in happiness. I fisted the air as I squirmed around giddily. I needed to record this in my journal. I flipped open the olive cover and started scribbling fast. It was barely legible because I was just so high from Taemin’s hug. He was like my drug. I couldn’t even believe it happened. My face turned red yet again, but this time from coughing. Shit! I got too overexcited. I scrambled to open the locket and finally downed a pill with some water. I gasped heavily a few times and got ready for bed. Time to go to sleep. I hope I have good dreams about Taemin.

I walked around. Ahead of me, was a tree in full bloom. I walked closer and saw it was our tree. I walked up to the tree and rested against it. Suddenly, I heard Taemin’s child voice say, “Hey hyung! I found you.”

I looked around the tree and saw Little Taemin, just as I remembered him. I laughed and said, “Found me?”

“Yep. You sure grew a lot, hyung! You’re so tall like our tree!”

“Thanks Minnie, you’re tall in the future, too!”

I blinked, and then he was gone. I heard Taemin from above.

“Up here, hyung!”

I looked up and saw Minnie hanging from the branch.

“Haha, Minnie! Careful!”

The tree petals started falling one by one. The branches drooped like it was crying. Our tree seemed like it dying and sobbing. The petals were like its many tears.

I called out to Minnie. “Careful! You should come down!”

But he disappeared.

I woke up and frowned a bit. The dream was unusual. It felt a little sad, like I lost something. I shrugged and got ready for school.

~~~

Okay! :D

Interpret the dreams however you like.

And also, if you didn’t notice…

Sulli was murdered. Tied down by a heavy rock and thrown into a lake.

Hurhurhur, so she played a small role?

Well I dunno.

Sorry, this was like a sorta filler chapter. Hope you like it?

I MIGHT update once more today.

Hehehehehe. Proud of me?

So anyways… please comment and subscribe! Thank you for reading!

:) Love you all.

And someone PLEASE tell me how to add pictures and gifs in the middle? I’m HTML retarded.

D:

Minho’s POV

The light flooded from the window and I hopped out of bed. I was ready for a new day, ready to see Taemin. I washed up quickly and scribbled down a few random answers for my homework. I made sure I put on some nice smelling cologne and brushed my hair to make it look perfect. I checked my smile and tried to casually stride outside the front door. I couldn’t contain my excitement and practically leaped forward to Taemin’s door. My curled up fist was poised just a couple centimeter from the surface of the door. Should I knock? Is that desperate? I stepped back and leaned against the railing. I paced around and went up to the front door again. I leaned against the door and sighed. Should I knock? I could but… what would Taemin think? I squatted down and put my head between my knees. GRAH. I want to see Taemin so bad but I don’t want to look so clingy. I got up and checked the time. I was about twenty three minutes early. I groaned. I can’t take this anymore. I went inside my apartment and ate some more pho. I came back out to see Taemin locking his door.

“H-h-h-h-h-hey T-t-taemin! What’s up?” I smiled genuinely.

Taemin didn’t look up and started to walk away.

“Taemin – ah! Wait for me!”

I suppose it was supposed to be awkward. I mean, we got stuck in an elevator! I walked a bit behind him for a couple minutes before I got the courage to tap his shoulder lightly.

He flipped out and screamed, “Don’t touch me! You’re freaky! Get away!”

My lips parted a centimeter and my bottom lip trembled involuntarily. I could feel that sting in my nose. Tears started forming. I cursed myself inwardly for being so hopeful. I cursed myself for being a weakling. Why do I have to freaking start crying!?

I saw the blurry form of Taemin sprint away. His rhythmic steps echoed through my ears. Bang bang bang. The figure became smaller as my tears started pouring down. Stupid me, always getting my hopes up. I looked down just stood there in the beautiful sunshine.

Everytime. Having my hopes and imagination soar up high like an eagle spreading its wings. It feels beautiful, the hope I practically bursting through my chest. I feel like anything could happen, something absolutely wonderful. But each fucking time. That eagle gets shot. I spiral down with it. I get dashed against the brutal and unforgiving ground below. My hopes getting broken like the eagle’s bones. I’m so stupid, huh? Everytime. I guess I’ve learned my lesson now.

~~~

<< A couple weeks later >>

“Taemin – ah. I’ve noticed you haven’t been playing with Minho.” Key slithered up next to me.

Onew leaned on the locker and said, “Yeah Taemin. Especially since you were the one who wanted to play with him.”

I gulped and looked into their black and endless hell-like eyes. It seemed like a deadly and lethal snake; I was being hypnotized into the bottomless pits. I could barely tear myself away from the burning stares.

“Ah… sorry hyungs. I was busy.”

“Too busy or too cool to hang out with us?” Their accusing stares burned into me.

“Not too cool! I really was busy! I’m sorry, hyungs.”

“You better watch it, maknae. You’re a new addition, don’t act out of your place. You can’t decide when to stop playing with the target.”

“Sorry, hyungs.”

“We’ve decided we want you to play with the target. Play so hard you break the toy, okay? You know what happens when you don’t.”

The dirty spot on my shirt had my entire focus before my hyungs left. I looked up again and quickly swept into my homeroom, taking my seat next to Minho and didn’t face him. He was quiet, as usual.

The teacher came in and started droning about whatever. I put my head in my arms and thought about what to do.

Suddenly I woke up to the teacher saying, “…I’ll be back in 10 minutes, okay? Don’t do anything and be quiet!”

He left and all the students sat still to make sure he disappeared before getting up and chattering.

This was my chance.

I stood up and faced Minho.

He stared back to me and I looked into his bottomless eyes. Unlike my hyung’s cruel and hard eyes, Minho’s was soulful and melting.

I didn’t want to do it.

But I had to.

~~~

Author’s note

AHHH SORRY DON’T KILL ME FOR NOT UPDATING. FORGIVE ME PLEASE?

I LOVE YOU <3

Thanks for commenting and subscribing.